sometimes ecstatic, sometimes lurid, always pregnant of a mighty meaning,

It brooded over its very gate, shrouded the low shores of Port Said at sunset, tipped the golden sails of the dahabiehs, whispered In our muffled footfalls over the desert sanded main street, the only safe one after dark, screeched hoarsely from the horrors hiding in the byways of the wickedest town on earth.

-It drowned the National Anthem when the State Procession entered the Throne Room, the Imperial Power syrnbolled by the strongest man and the loveliest woman of our day, figures who will live in history long after the puppets surrounding them have ceased to gibber. Drawn by Its fascination they have given it of their best, one of them life itself.

It lurks in the mazy patterns and dusky tints of embroideries worked in Bokhara, the City of Twilight, whose women have stitched into them lifetimes of joys and pains, with ever one fragment left incomplete.

It sighed in the accents of human

under-
standing heard beneath the blaze of the Southern Cross, in brilliant moonlit harbours,

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and